BUNYON

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF SENDING FORTH THE SECOND PART;

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK;

CONCLUSION

WITH RESTART

.ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

AS IF INTERLEAVED

3.0

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

This **UNRESTRICTED INTERLEAVED LAYOUT** of this PUBLIC DOMAIN TEXT is available for free at ARCHIVE.ORG (LINK).

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A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
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As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

AS IF INTERLEAVED

language: Modern English (1684, 1678)
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EPICPOEM.ORG 497 lines 3.0

PRINT:
2 to **8**

Q 1 GO, now my little Book, to every place,
Where my first Pilgrim, has but shewn his Face
Call at their door: If any say,who's there?
Then answer thou, Christiana is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou
With all thy boys. And then, as thou know'st how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came,
Perhaps they'l know them, by their looks, or name
But if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not Entertain
One Christian a Pilgrim; If they say
They did: And was delighted in his way:
Then let them know that those related were
Unto him: Yea, his Wife and Children are.
Tell them that they have left their House and Home,
Are turned Pilgrims, seek a World to come:
Q 2 That they have met with hardships in the way,
That they do meet with troubles night and day;
That they have trod on Serpents, fought with Death,
Yea tell them also of the next, who have
Of love to Pilgrimage been stout and brave
Defenders of that way, and how they still
Refuse this World, to do their Fathers will.
Go, tell them also of those dainty things,
◆◆ That Pilgrimage unto the Pilgrim brings,
L1[I] Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
Beloved of their King, under his care;
What goodly Mansions for them he provides,
Tho they meet with rough Winds, and swelling Tides
How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
Who to their Lord, and by his ways hold fast.
Perhaps with heart and hand they will imbrace
Thee, as they did my firstling, and will Grace
Thee, and thy fellows with such chear and fair,
As shew will, they of Pilgrims lovers are.
1. OBJECT. But how if they will not believe of me
Theat I am truly thine, 'cause some there be
That Counterfeit the Pilgrim, and his name,
◆ Seek by disguise to seem the very same.
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The Hands and Houses of I know not who.
Answer Q 3 'Tis true, some have of late, to Counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set;
Yea others, half my Name and Title too;
Have stitched to their Book, to make them do;
But yet they by their Features do declare
◆◆◆ Themselves not mine to be, whose e're they are.
If such thou meetst with, then thine only way
Before them all, is, to say out thy say,
2.50 In thine own native Language, which no man

1 (1C) Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.
If after all, they stil of you shall doubt,
Thinking that you like Gipsies go about,
In naughry-wise the Countrey to defile,
Or that you seek good People to beguile
With things unwarrantable: Send for me
And I will Testifie, you Pilgrims be;
Yea, I will Testifie that only you
My Pilgrims are; And that alone will do.
But yet, perhaps, I may enquire for him, 2. Object
Of those that wish him Damned life and limb,
What shall I do, when I at such a door,
For Pilgrims ask, and they thall rage the more?
Fright not thy self my Book, for such Bugbears, Answer
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears,
My Pilgrims Book has travel'd Sea and Land,
Yet could I never come to understand,
That it was slighted, or turn'd out of Door Q 4
By any Kingdom, were they Rich or Poor.
In France and Flanders where men kill each other
My Pilgrim is esteem'd a Friend, a Brother.
In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some, worth more than Gold.
Highlanders, and Wild-Irish can agree,
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'Tis in New-England under such advance, L2[O]
Receives there so much loving Countenance,
As to be Trim'd, new-Cloth'd, & deck' t with Gems,
That it may shew its Features, and its Limbs,
Yet more; so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily Sing and talk.
If you draw nearer home, it will appear
My Pilgrim knows no ground, of shame, or fear;
City, and Countrey will him Entertain,
With welcome Pilgrim. Yea, they can't refrain
From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shews his head in any Company.
Brave Galants do my Pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much, yea value it above
Things of a greater bulk, yea, with delight,
Say my Larks leg is better then a Kite.
Young Ladys, and young Gentle-women too,
Do no small kindness to my Pilgrim shew;
Their Cabinets, their Bosoms, and their Hearts
My Pilgrim has, 'cause he to them imparts,
His pretty riddles in fuch wholsome straines Q 5
As yields them profit double to their paines
Of reading. Yea, I think I may be bold
To say some prize him far above their Gold
The very Children that do walk the street, 2.100

If they do but my holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will, will wish him well and say,
He is the only Stripling of the Day.
They that have never seen him, yet admire
What they have heard of him, and much desire
To have his Company, and hear him tell
Those Pilgrim storyes which he knows fo well.
Yea, some who did not love him at the first,
But cal'd him Fool, and Noddy, say they must
Now they have seen & heard him, him commend,
And to those whom they love, they do him send.
Wherefore my Second Part, thou needst not be
Afraid to shew thy Head: None can hurt thee,
That wish but well to him, that went before,
'Cause thou com'st after with a Second store,
Of things as good, as rich as profitable,
For Young, for Old, for Stag'ring and for stable,
3. Object But some there be that say he laughs too loud;
And some do say his Head is in a Cloud.
Some say, his Words and Storys are so dark,
They know not how, by them, to find his mark.
Answer. Q 6 One may (I think) say both his laughs & cryes,
May well be guest at by his watry Eyes.
Some things are of that Nature as to make
◆◆ Ones fancie Checkle while his Heart doth ake,
L2[I] When Jacob saw his Rachel with the Sheep,
He did at the same time both kiss and weep.
Whereas some say a Cloud is in his Head,
That doth but shew how Wisdom's covered
With its own mantles: And to stir the mind
To a search after what it fain would find,
Things that seem to be hid in words obscure,
Do but the Godly mind the more alure;
To study what those Sayings should contain,
That speak to us in such a Cloudy strain.
I also know, a dark Similitude
Will on the Fancie more it self intrude,
And will stick faster in the Heart and Head,
◆ Then things from Similies not borrowed.
Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels. Behold, thou art sent
To Friends, not foes: to Friends that will give place
To thee, thy Pilgrims, and thy words imbrace.
Besides. what my first Pilgrim left conceal'd,
Thou my brave Second Pilgrim hast reveal'd
What Christian left lock't up and went his way;
◆◆◆ Sweet Christiana opens with her Key.
4. Object. Q 7 But some love not the method of your first,
Romance they count it, throw't away as dust,
2.150 If I should meet with such, what, should I say?

Must I slight them as they slight me, or nay?
My Christiana, if with such thou meet, **Answer**
By all means in all Loving-wise, them greet;
Render them not reviling for revile:
But if they frown, I prethee on them smile,
Perhaps 'tis Nature, or some ill report
Has made them thus dispise, or thus retort.
Some love no Cheese, some love no Fish, & some
Love not their Friends, nor their own House or home
Some start at Pigg, slight Chicken, love not Fowl,
More than they love a Cuckow or an Owl,
Leave such, my Christiana, to their choice,
And seek those, who to find thee will rejoyce;
By no means strive, but in all humble wise,
Present thee to them in thy Pilgrims guise
Go then, my little Book and shew to all
That entertain, and bid thee welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close, shut up from the rest,
And wish what thou shalt shew them may be blest
To them for good, may make them chuse to be
Pilgrims, better by far, then thee or me.
Go then, I say, tell all men who thou art,
Say, I am Christiana, and my part,
Is now with my four Sons, to tell you what Q 7
It is for men to take a Pilgrims lot;
Go also tell them who, and what they be, **L3[O]**
That now do go on Pilgrimage with thee;
Say, here's my neighbour Mercy, she is one,
That has long-time with me a Pilgrim gone;
Come see her in her Virgin Face, and learn
Twixt Idle ones, and Pilgrims to discern.
Yea let young Damsels learn of her to prize,
The World which is to come, in any wise;
When little Tripping Maidens follow God,
And leave old doting Sinners to his Rod;
'Tis like those Days wherein the young ones cry'd
Hosanah to whom old ones did deride.
Next tell them of old Honest, who you found
With his whit hairs treading the Pilgrims ground;
Yea, tell them how plain hearted this man was,
How after his good Lord he bare his Cross:
Perhaps with some gray Head this may prevail,
With Christ to fall in Love, and Sin bewail.
Tell them also how Master Fearing went
On Pilgrimage, and how the time he spent
In Solitariness, with Fears and Cries,
And how at last, he won the Joyful Prize.
He was a good man, though much down in Spirit,
He is a good Man, and doth Life inherit.
Tell them of Master Feeblemind also, **2**.200

Who, not before, but still behind would go;
Q 8 Show them also how he had like been slain,
And how one Great-Heart did his life regain:
This man was true of Heart, tho weak in grace,
205 One might true Godliness read in his Face.
Then tell them of Master Ready-to-halt,
A Man with Crutches, but much without fault,
Tell them how Master Feeblemind, and he
Did love, and in Opinions much agree.
210 And let all know, tho weakness was their chance,
Yet sometimes one could Sing the other Dance.
Forget not Master Valiant-for-the-Truth,
That Man of courage, tho a very Youth.
Tell every one his Spirit was so stout,
215 No Man could ever make him face about,
And how Great-Heart, and he could not forbear
But put down Doubting Castle, slay Despair.
Overlook not Master Despondancy.
Nor Much-a-fraid, his Daughter, tho they ly
220 Under such Mantles as may make them look
(With some) as if their God had them forsook
They softly went, but sure, and at the end,
Found that the Lord of Pilgrims was their Friend.
When thou hast told the World of all these things,
◆◆ Then turn about, my book, and touch these strings,
L3[I] Which, if but touched will such Musick make,
They'l make a Cripple dance, a Gyant quake.
Those Riddles that lie couch't within thy breast,
Freely propound, expound: and for the rest
230 Q 9 Of thy misterious lines, let them remain,
For those whose nimble Fancies shall them gain.
Now may this little Book a blessing be,
To those that love this little Book and me,
And may its buyer have no cause to say,
235 His Money is but lost or thrown away,
Yea may this Second Pilgrim yield that Fruit,
As may with each good Pilgrims fancie sute,
And may it perswade some that go astray,
2.239 ◆ To turn their Foot and Heart to the right way.
1.1 Q 1 WHEN at the first I took my Pen in hand,
Thus for to write; I did not understand
That I at all should make a little Book
In such a mode; Nay, I had undertook
5 To make another, which when almost done;
Before I was aware, I this begun.
And thus it was: I writing of the Way
◆◆◆ And Race of Saints, in this our Gospel-Day,
Fell suddenly into an Allegory
10 About their Journey, and the way to Glory,
1.11 In more than twenty things, which I set down:

3 (3C) This done, I twenty more had in my Crown,
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by your selves, lest you at last
Should prove ad infinitum, and eat out
The Book that I already am about.
Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
To shew to all the World my Pen and Ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my Neighbor; no not I;
I did it mine own self to gratifie.
Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my Scribble; nor did I intend
But to divert myself in doing this, Q 2
From worser thoughts, which make me do amiss.
Thus I set Pen to Paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
For having now my Method by the end,
Still as I pull'd, it came; and so I penn'd
It down, until it came at last to be
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.
Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I shew'd them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justifie: **L3[I]**
And some said, let them live; some, let them die.
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.
Now was I in a straight, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, Since ye are thus divided,
I print it will; and so the case decided.
For, thought I; Some, I see, would have it done,
Though-others in that Channel do not run;
To prove then who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.
I further thought, If now I did deny
Those that would have it thus, to gratifie, **1**.50
I did not know but hinder them I might
Of that which would to them be great delight.
For those which were not for its coming forth,
I said to them, Offend you I am loth;
Yet since your Brethren pleased with it be,
Forbear to judge, till you do further see.
If that thou wilt not read, let it alone; Q 3
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone:
Yea, that I might them better palliate,
I did too with them thus Expostulate.
5 May I not write in such a stile as this? **1**.61

In such a method too, and yet not miss
My end, thy good? why may it not be done?
Dark Clouds bring Waters, when the bright bring none.
Yea, dark, or bright, if they their Silver drops
Cause to descend, the Earth, by yielding Crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
But treasures up the Fruit they yield together:
Yea, so commixes both, that in their Fruit
None can distinguish this from that, they suit
Her well, when hungry: but if she be full,
She spues out both, and makes their blessing null.
You see the ways the Fisher-man doth take
To catch the Fish; what Engins doth he make?
Behold how he ingageth all his Wits,
Also his Snares, Lines, Angles, Hooks, and Nets.
Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook, nor Line,
Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engin can make thine;
They must be grop't for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catcht, what e're you do.
How doth the Fowler seek to catch his Game,
By divers means, all which one cannot name?
His Gun, his Nets, his Lime-twigs, light, and bell:
He creeps, he goes, he stands; yea who can tell
Of all his postures, Yet there's none of these
Will make him master of what Fowls he please.
Yea, he must Pipe, and Whistle to catch this;
Yet if he does so, that Bird he will miss.
If that a Pearl may in Toads-head dwell,
And may be found too in an Oister-shell;
If things that promise nothing, do contain
What better is than Gold; who will disdain,
(That have an inkling of it,) there to look,
That they may find it. Now my little Book,
(Tho void of all those paintings that may make
It with this or the other Man to take,)
Is not without those things that do excel
What do in brave, but empty notions dwell.
Well, yet I am not fully satisfied,
That this your Book will stand; when soundly try'd.
Why, what's the matter! It is dark, what tho?
But it is feigned. What of that I tro?
Some men by feigning words as dark as mine,
Make truth to spangle, and its rayes to shine.
But they want solidness: Speak man thy mind,
They drown'd the weak; Metaphors make us blind.
Solidity, indeed becomes the Pen
Of him that writeth things Divine to men:
But must I needs want solidness, because
By Metaphors I speak; Was not God's Laws,
His Gospel-Laws, in oldertime held forth

By Types, Shadows, and Metaphors? Yet loth
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest Wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,
By Calves; and Sheep; by Heifers, and by Rams;
By Birds, and Herbs, and by the blood of Lambs,
God speaketh to him. And happy is he
That finds the light, and grace that in them be.
Be not too forward therefore to conclude,
That I want solidness, that I am rude:
All things solid in shew, not solid be;
All things in parables despise not we,
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are, of our souls bereave.
My dark and cloudy words they do but hold
The Truth, **as Cabinets inclose the Gold**.
The Prophets used much by Metaphors
To set forth Truth; Yea, who so considers
Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see,
That Truths to this day in such Mantles be.
Am I afraid to say that holy Writ,
Which for its Stile, and Phrase puts down all Wit,
Is every where so full of all these things,
(Dark Figures, Allegories,) yet there springs
From that same Book that lustre, and those rayes
Of light, that turns our darkest nights to days.
Come, let my Carper, to his Life now look,
And find There darker lines than in my Book
He findeth any. Yea, and let him know,
That in his best things there are worse lines too.
May we but stand before impartial men,
To his poor One, I dare adventure Ten,
That they will take my meaning in these lines
Far better than his Lies in Silver Shrines.
Come, Truth, although in Swaddling-clouts, I find
Informs the Judgement, rectifies the Mind,
Pleases the Understanding, makes the Will
Submit; the Memory too it doth fill
With what doth our Imagination please;
Likewise, it tends our troubles to appease.
Sound words I know Timothy is to use;
And old Wives' Fables he is to refuse,
But yet grave Paul, him no where doth forbid
The use of Parables; in which lay hid
That Gold, those Pearls, and precious stones that were
Worth digging for, and that with greatest care.
Let me add one word more, O man of God
Art thou offended? dost thou wish I had
Put forth my matter in an other dress,

Or that I had in things been more express?
Three things let me propound, then I submit
To those that are my betters, (as is fit.)
1. I find not that I am denied the use
Of this my method, so I no abuse
Put on the Words, Things, Readers, or be rude
In handling Figure, or Similitude,
In application; but, all that I may,
Seek the advance of Truth, this or that way:
Denyed, did I say? Nay, I have leave,
(Example too, and that from them that have
God better pleased by their words or ways,
Than any man that breatheth now adays,)
Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee, that excellentest are.
Q 7 2. I find that men (**as high as Trees**) will write
Dialogue-wise; yet no man doth them slight
For writing so: Indeed if they abuse
Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use
To that intent; But yet let Truth be free
To make her Salleys upon Thee, and Me,
Which way it pleases God. For who knows how,
Better than he that taught us first to Plow,
To guide our Mind and Pens for his Design?
◆◆ And he makes base things usher in Divine.
L2[O] 3. I find that holy Writ in many places
Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
Do call for one thing, to set forth another:
Use it I may then, and yet nothing smother
Truths golden Beams; Nay, by this method may
Make it cast forth its rayes **as light as day**.
And now, before I do put up my Pen,
I'le shew the profit of my Book, and then
Commit both thee, and it unto that hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weak ones stand.
Q 8 This Book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting Prize:
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes,
1.200 ◆ What he leaves undone; also what he does:
It also shews you how he runs, and runs,
Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes.
It shews too, who sets out for life amain,
As if the lasting Crown they would attain:
Here also you may see the reason why
They loose their labour, and like Fools do die.
This Book will make a Travailer of thee,
◆◆◆ If by its Counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its Directions understand:
1.211 Yea, it will make the sloathful, active be;

The Blind also, delightful things to see.
Art thou for something rare, and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a Truth within a Fable?
Art thou forgetful? wouldest thou remember
From New-years-day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies, they will **stick like Burs**,
And may be to the Helpless, Comforters.
This Book is writ in such a Dialect,
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a Novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel-strains.
Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read Riddles, & their Explanation?
Or else be drownded in thy Contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
A man i' the Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh, and weep?
Would'st thou loose thy self, and catch no harm?
And find thy self again without a charm?
Would'st read thy self, and read thou know'st not what
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together. **1**.236

NOW Reader, I have told my Dream to thee; [Q 233?] Q 267 **L1[I] Concl.**
See if thou canst Interpret it to me;
Or to they self, or Neighbour: but take heed
Of mis-interpreting: for that, instead
Of doing good, will but they self abuse:
By mis-interpreting evil insues.
Take heed also, that thou be not extream,
In playing with the out-side of my Dream:
Nor let my figure, or similitude,
Put thee into a laughter or a feud;
Leave this for Boys and Fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of my matter see.
Put by the Curtains, look within my Vail;
Turn up my Metaphors and do not fail:
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find,
As will be helpfull to an honest mind.
What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the Gold.
What if my Gold be wrapped up in Ore?
None throws way the Apple for the Core:
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make the Dream again. 22

GO, now my little Book, to every place, Q 1 1
Where my first Pilgrim, has but shewn his Face
Call at their door: If any say,who's there? 3

Then answer thou, Christiana is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou
With all thy boys. And then, as thou know'st how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came,
Perhaps they'l know them, by their looks, or name
But if they should not, ask them yet again
If formerly they did not Entertain
One Christian a Pilgrim; If they say
They did: And was delighted in his way:
Then let them know that those related were
Unto him: Yea, his Wife and Children are.
Tell them that they have left their House and Home,
Are turned Pilgrims, seek a World to come:
Q 2 That they have met with hardships in the way,
That they do meet with troubles night and day;
That they have trod on Serpents, fought with Death,
Yea tell them also of the next, who have
Of love to Pilgrimage been stout and brave
Defenders of that way, and how they still
Refuse this World, to do their Fathers will.
Go, tell them also of those dainty things,
◆◆ That Pilgrimage unto the Pilgrim brings,
Let them acquainted be, too, how they are
Beloved of their King, under his care;
What goodly Mansions for them he provides,
L1[O] Tho they meet with rough Winds, and swelling Tides
How brave a calm they will enjoy at last,
Who to their Lord, and by his ways hold fast.
Perhaps with heart and hand they will imbrace
Thee, as they did my firstling, and will Grace
Thee, and thy fellows with such chear and fair,
As shew will, they of Pilgrims lovers are.
1. OBJECT. But how if they will not believe of me
Theat I am truly thine, 'cause some there be
That Counterfeit the Pilgrim, and his name,
◆ Seek by disguise to seem the very same.
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The Hands and Houses of I know not who.
Answer Q 3 'Tis true, some have of late, to Counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set;
Yea others, half my Name and Title too;
Have stitched to their Book, to make them do;
But yet they by their Features do declare
◆◆◆ Themselves not mine to be, whose e're they are.
If such thou meetst with, then thine only way
Before them all, is, to say out thy say,
2.50 In thine own native Language, which no man
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.
If after all, they stil of you shall doubt,
2.53 Thinking that you like Gipsies go about,

In naughry-wise the Countrey to defile,
Or that you seek good People to beguile
With things unwarrantable: Send for me
And I will Testifie, you Pilgrims be;
Yea, I will Testifie that only you
My Pilgrims are; And that alone will do.
But yet, perhaps, I may enquire for him, **2. Object**
Of those that wish him Damned life and limb,
What shall I do, when I at such a door,
For Pilgrims ask, and they thall rage the more?
Fright not thy self my Book, for such Bugbears, **Answer**
Are nothing else but ground for groundless fears,
My Pilgrims Book has travel'd Sea and Land,
Yet could I never come to understand,
That it was slighted, or turn'd out of Door Q 4
By any Kingdom, were they Rich or Poor.
In France and Flanders where men kill each other
My Pilgrim is esteem'd a Friend, a Brother.
In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some, worth more than Gold.
Highlanders, and Wild-Irish can agree,
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'Tis in New-England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving Countenance,
As to be Trim'd, new-Cloth'd, & deck' t with Gems,
That it may shew its Features, and its Limbs,
Yet more; so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him thousands daily Sing and talk.
If you draw nearer home, it will appear
My Pilgrim knows no ground, of shame, or fear;
City, and Countrey will him Entertain,
With welcome Pilgrim. Yea, they can't refrain
From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shews his head in any Company.
Brave Galants do my Pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much, yea value it above
Things of a greater bulk, yea, with delight,
Say my Larks leg is better then a Kite.
Young Ladys, and young Gentle-women too,
Do no small kindness to my Pilgrim shew;
Their Cabinets, their Bosoms, and their Hearts
My Pilgrim has, 'cause he to them imparts,
His pretty riddles in fuch wholsome straines Q 5
As yields them profit double to their paines
Of reading. Yea, I think I may be bold
To say some prize him far above their Gold
The very Children that do walk the street, **2**.100
If they do but my holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will, will wish him well and say,
He is the only Stripling of the Day. **2**.103
They that have never seen him, yet admire